

THE
Newport Mercury
Published every SATURDAY by
F. A. PRATT & CO.,
AT CORNER OF
Market sq. & Thames street.
TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum; or
\$1.75 if paid strictly in advance.

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

Advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as all legal advertisements, and advertisements of real estate, or auction sales, sent in by them, must be paid for at the usual rates.
Cards of acknowledgment, religious notices, and the like, one insertion, 50 cents per square.
Births, marriages and deaths, inserted without charge; but all additions to the ordinary announcements, as obituary notices, &c., will be charged at 4 cents per line, no charge being less than 25 cents.
No paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.
Job Printing
in its various branches, executed with despatch.
F. A. PRATT, & WM. MESSER.

Volume 102.

Number 5,276.

Children's Corner.

For the Child's Corner.
REMINISCENCES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

(Continued.)
We cannot now dwell upon the reflections of our good friend, as this sketch is written to give some idea of New York and Brooklyn, as they appeared to a traveller sixty years ago.
The day after his arrival being the Sabbath, he embraced the opportunity of attending the Episcopal Church on Broadway, opposite Wall street. Here old Trinity Church built in 1796, had stood until the Revolutionary War, a period of eighty years. Then it was destroyed by fire. He found that the new Trinity Church, then twelve years old, had been built about the same size as the old one, and that it stood in the very same spot. It was a square building, very inferior to the elegant church that is now called Trinity, and that was built on the same spot in the year 1846.
As many of our readers have never seen the lofty spire of Trinity, in New York, we will pause here to give some description of this magnificent church, which is the most costly one in the city. The material of the building is of fine reddish sandstone. It covers a large space of ground, and yet so much space is occupied by the tower and vestry that the pews will not accommodate more than 800 persons. This is a very small number for a church of this kind. The immense height of the steeple towering upwards 284 feet into the air attracts the attention of strangers. (The spire of Trinity Church, New York, is but 120 feet high.) This is a fine look-out upon the city and its surroundings. Turning towards the north, in the direction of Broadway on the right, you have the East River flowing between New York and Brooklyn. This river is about three-quarters of a mile in width.
AN OLD CITIZEN OF NEWPORT.

For the Child's Corner.
This following little story, related by Mrs. Sigourney, was sent to us by a young lady, who would verify it for our young readers. We welcome this gifted young lady as a contributor to the "Child's Corner."

A LITTLE INCIDENT.

From the little ones, O God,
Thy simple heart and artless ways—
Wiser, because more pure than we,
Thou hast perfected praise.
A tiny creature, scarcely learned
In words to tell her infant thought,
A nursing of three tender springs—
This precious lesson taught.
She was abroad where social cheer
To every friendly lip was pressed,
And love had dainties well prepared
To please the little guest.
Her father's faith for daily food
A daily blessing had implored,
And prayer, she deemed, with each repast,
Must rise above the board.
And wondering she sat, and said,
Unstaid all the bounty given;
The master did not pause to thank
The giver up in Heaven.
Then sorrowful to him she turned,
And softly sighed, "O Father, give,
Unaided or unasked, it is my prayer,
That sweet rest to pray."
And so she bowed her head, and laid
Her folded hands with reverent care,
And in her baby accents said
Her little evening prayer.
The guests were silent, she who spoke
In pure simplicity had prayed;
An aged voice the silence broke,
As reverently it said,
"Out of the mouth of babes, O Lord,
And sucklings"—(wonderous are the ways,
And wise the counsels of His word)
"Thou hast prepared the way."
E. L. E.

*Now I lay me, &c.

Poetry.

TO A FRIEND IN AUTUMN.

Friend, the year is overgrown
Summer like a bird hath flown,
Leaving nothing (fruits not flowers)
Save remembrance of sweet hours.
And a fierce and forward season,
Blowing loud for some rough reason,
Rusheth from a land unknown.
There is laughing May, who leapt
From the ground when April wept!
Where is rose-embowered June,
July with her lily noon?
August with her crown of corn?
And the fresh September morn?
Will they come back to us—soon?—soon?
Nerves! Time is overgrown!
All that 'tis was is flow'n;
All things that were good and gay,
(Dances, songs, smiles) have flown away;
And we now must sing together
Strains more sad than autumn weather;
And dance upon a stormy ground,
Whilst the wild winds pipe around,
A dark and forgotten measure;
Graver than the ghost of pleasure;
Till at last, at winter's call,
We die and are forgot for all!

INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time just when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When autumn in a reverie loit,
The tawdry day-dreams away;
When summer comes in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many leaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.
With baying breath she whispers low,
The dainty flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
Her zephyrs lift the lingering shade,
And bear in gentle where are laid
The loved and lost ones of his grief,
At last old Autumn, rising, takes
Against his sceptre and his throne
With boisterous hand he shakes the trees,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter gaunt and grim,
Sees misty Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think he all for him.

REMEMBER.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should try, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

Original Tale.

Written for the Mercury.
SHIP AHOY!
BY MESSRS. N.

"His lengthened notes in sonorous accents say,
I do—I think—I fast—I pray!"

Five hundred dollars to the Bible Society; five hundred to the Foreign Missionary Association; five hundred to the Widows' and Orphans' Home, (which specialty shall not only be trebled, but quadrupled, provided my clipper ship New Orleans makes a paying speculation of the present Guinea cruise.) Besides these are scores and items innumerable—fifteen hundred—dollars—in round numbers. Wouldn't it more than foot up my charities? All cash down, too—kalkiatin' interest, it makes up a pretty tellin' totality. Surely, I, if any one, may write over against my name, 'I pay tithes of all that I possess.'

Such was the self-laudatory mental rehearsal of the Hon. Michael Million, as he lolled in his counting-room easy chair, leisurely inspiring the odorous weed.—Washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water, and purring with phlegmatic fussiness over the superfluous force by whose proxy potency he volunteered to spring the golden haps of Heaven's pearly gates! Heaven. That safe-keep for gems and ore—how entrancing its alleged auriferous glow! The very sunlight would be a superfluity. To his financial conscience the mint was the pacific annihilator of all inconvenient moral restrictions. It levelled and magically swept out of sight such uncongenial barricades. Nominally, he was charity personified, catholicity on stilts, the embodiment of the beatitudes, the altruist of ultraism. In business transactions his name was a commercial bond, the essential prerequisite to success, without whose aid the most flattering enterprise flashed and fused. In default, he stood universal creditor, the most rigorous cancelling, always and disputably, for figures are truthful witnesses, securing to Michael Million every balance due. Placability and plausibility by mysterious ciphering, out-problematising Archimedes and distancing Euclid—yet all in one!

When on the Sabbath his presence pleased up and down the aisles of the church, the very patterns seemed endowed with an articulate whine—a sort of 'penny, please, good-sir' persuasiveness, and to endorse precept by example, a pet theory of his—his pharisaical pause before the altar and scourged the exterior of his capacious pockets, provocative of at least a jingle; and the pious, busy, saucily hinted that oft times the jingle was the only contribution. But he was no Pixy, except for pastime. Our hero was the practical advocate of that ricketty theology popularly christened expediency; consequently he had many casts for chameleon-like Orthodoxy, as a forger has plates, and at every revolving phase challenged honesty and indicated humility by the conjoint augmentation of phylacteries and austerities and prayers! He seemed not unlike a cerise-red injunction, or perpetual plaintiff, I vs. Thou, the ever running execution, and yet so adroit was he in the exploitation of his adaptable creed that he virtually inscribed error over the frontals of truth the polished caricature toying speculatively through the mists rasped from essential irregularities. His life-track a sort of inclined plane, telling accommodately of indistinguishable extremes, all things to all men, if by any means he might save something. In brief, this theoretic laic prodigy was comparable to most presumptive revisers of Heaven's statutes, preferring his own translation and typing his own issue. A corrupt fountain taints its devious tributaries and pollutes the broad ocean flow.

Michael Million was one of a class who, in every relationship, seem to rotate swivel-like about an oily axle, making the circuit of the cardinals, yet always 'furnet' the sun. He had a Pecksniffian smile for his best friend, and a Pecksniffian bow for his bitterest foe—alike apocryphic to both. He had no sympathy with lightning characters; he dodged their directness as promptly as he did Jove's sharpshooters, his unskillful immaculateness emanating itself by skulking acts and non-committal signs. A detached iceberg was not more an isolation than he, because of his impudently pure! Veering with the popular breeze, under the controlling power of the hidden helm of cunning, tacking for the south, the west, the north, with equal celerity, this Proteus was ever just 'about east.' His pious comicalities and moral legend-main would have posed the most ingenious fakir. Face him, follow him, he was with you. Dog his shadow and echo his speech and he was as truly (no doubt) with the opposition as with you. Salute him he was all acknowledgments, kissing the tips of his fingers as fervently to Joe Smith's effigy as to John Hancock's ghost. Equally enamored of the Czar or the President, Christ or the Pope—always professedly demonstrating, yet always actually undemonstrative. True the coon quicker than thought, he has squirmed through some subterranean labyrinth, and smiling as coquettishly as did Lucifer under the

apple tree, he speaks his old ally, the sun, from an opposite angle, grins slyly on his own antics, and mocking at your credulity. Hail him, he has the countersign; solicit an opinion, he's off for no-man's land with that same sun for his pilot. He is neither politician, civilian, nor warrior; identified with no party, favors no candidate; he belongs to the Plain, but he will drop into the ballot-box the genuine prox. There's method in his indifference, and argument in his neutrality; but he 'don't know.' Attempt a colloquy he is not posted up—What does he think of certain solar phenomena, spots on the sun's disc, &c.?

'To what family does a particular specimen of conchology belong?'
'He should take it for a shell; it looks like what we call shells—it may not be right.'

'Hassn't he inadvertently exchanged his old cotton umbrella for Mr. Goodman's new silk one?'
'An exchange is no robbery'—and he robs.

'Isn't his dog a little mischievous?'
'There may be something in him—be sides dog'—(smiles.)
'Did he not make a fortune very suddenly?'
'Hark! speak louder.'

'Didn't he find shaving a fast business?'
Mum!
Quizz the drum of his air; will he pay you even a ten per cent. dividend upon the fifty thousand dollars his shrewdness transferred from your capital to his own?

He is in a comatose state and must not be disturbed.
Right about face—the sun. 'Thank Heaven that debt is paid—an honest man's the noblest work of God.'

Naturalist, moralist, religionist, with what order, genera or species do you propose to classify such posers as we have now been analyzing?

'To hide our personality behind a negative screen, we trust courtesy will permit us to respond with imitative indefiniteness 'don't know.'

It is now the day before Christmas— that social era when warm hearts warm anew, and shivering bodies quake from contrast.

'Porter' ejaculates our merchant prince, 'take these few articles to our minister, poor man; five thousand per annum is but a pittance for him, a gentleman by birth and education, accustomed to style; and his fastinating wife, too, the accomplished daughter of Commodore Dollar, she must feel the full force of reverses—heroic woman, the Ann Egged of our age. Here's a box of raisins, a drum of figs, a bag of oranges, a barrel of flour, fifty pounds of arrowroot, beside a few appetizing et ceteras, guavas, pine-apples, nuts, a dozen of champagne, &c. &c.; and, Porter, mind this parcel—this side up with care.' Is this parcel—this side up with care? Is this parcel—this side up with care? Is this parcel—this side up with care?

Turning counterward, Hon. Michael brushed his broadcloth and gold against a little trembling fairy, compounded of contraries, tripping smiles, swelling sighs and gravely sparkling eyes—unfathomable reserves—through which flashed and floated and beamed, an eloquent spirit, and beneath whose soft-fringed, shadowy lids, trickled over checks now crimsoned, now blanched, half-congealed tears, that, like gushing rivulets wandered among her golden-brown curls, while all unconsciously to herself her tiny hand manipulated nervously numerous edibles and condiments. How merciful was that glance short thro' avenues of barrels, boxes, bottles, all full, brimming full, of niceties—and hitherto niceties had been Ella's only bill of fare.

Those oranges, so fresh, and nice for mamma's cough, how I wish I could take some to her, mused the child, now become prematurely provident. 'Last year I came here with papa just about the same hour of the day, to invite Uncle Million and his family to spend Christmas with us at our own house. Oh, what a gay time we had one year—only one year ago!—and now papa is dead, uncle lives in our house on England Court, my little cousins play with my pets, ride my pony, frolic on my play-ground, and have forgotten already that I ever loved all these pleasant things just as well as they do now. One year! and we are round in Grim-lane seeing for bread—sitting and hemming for our old visitors, who now forget our number, and pass by our street, except for stitching and hemming calls! We cannot have a Christmas turkey nor a plum pudding, nor music nor dancing, and the little full heart

welled up its floods. One year! sweet nursing, dear, dear outcast, one brief year's story; how short, how long. Weid scroll!

'Why do you stand there looking so dromish, eh?' enquired the Hon. millionaire, of apparently, a gold-headed cane, which he brandished against the panels of the massive door that stood ajar, which indication it obeyed with a startling report and a sort of snapping-turtle clench of the latch, that reverberated through the vast arches and imposing corridors of the huge arcade, whose remote extremes united parallel streets, with volume somewhat suggestive of the roar of Vesuvius through the marts of Pompeii.

'Uncle!' quavered a bird-like voice. 'Mamma is very ill, she bade me come and tell you—'—and—'

'What the deuce is the use in telling me, what can I be expected to do? I've business enough of my own without bothering about other folks', and sick women. Come, come, there's no use in crying; no use in 'oh papaing'—your papa's gone, there's no reason to doubt that his time had come, 'twas God's will, and its your duty to be reconciled, and to go straight forward as if he never had lived.'

'It is little that mamma expects; and—oh! oh! Uncle Million, I wish we were both with papa in—'

'Well, as to that, we've all got to try that resk, sometime, fool-hardy fellow that he was, if he'd maintained the dignity of his position and of a gentleman, instead of persisting in navigating that ship himself, when he mought a been spelled, he'd a been here to Christmas this year, the same as he was last; let's see, he's 'riv in about this time, twelve month, didn't he, eh? Oh, that eh.' Million's pet interrogation, how like a search warrant intoned to a monotonous Gregorian slur, it sounded in Ella's loved-toned ear!

'Oh, don't speak it, Uncle, pray don't.' 'Well, come, what did your mother send you to me for, eh?'

Wiping her eyes, Ella replied spasmodically. 'She said if you could make it convenient, to advance her a small sum, say five or ten dollars, if you could't spare more, towards the cargo consigned to you, we might manage to be a little more comfortable, and you know I could buy some medicines for mamma, that might recruit her, she is so feeble and so sad; would it inconvenience you much, Uncle?'

'Tell your mamma she labors under a sad mistake,' rejoined the nominal brother-uncle, at the same time erecting himself and casting at his auditor diagonal observations and askance glances. 'I have not yet had time to look into affairs, but my impression is, that there can be but little left if anything; there may be a balance on 'tother side, he, he, he; yes, yes, that I reckon will be rather more likely. Then I suppose somebody's pus must mist pay out rather than knitrabit—I guess so, I guess so—humpf!

It is no time now, to rummage among garrets and out-o-the-way places for papers and things o' that sort. Jinevairy is our time, we always proceed alphabetically; your accounts will take their time, meantime if your mamma is destitute, why I'll advance that sum, at my own resk; that is to say, I'll take my brother's watch, it was in his chest, I believe, eh? or I'll take that cabinet of curiosities in pledge, just to secure me, you see, I'm willing to allow you fair brokerage. I've got my wife and children to look out for. I can't be expected to do a great deal; 'taint as though I was John Jacob Aster—there's bottom to a well, even.'

Having delivered himself of this equivocal response the popular Howard munched a cluster of luscious grapes with evident gusto, yawned, snatched up the morning paper, uttered an ahem! an implied valedictory to the firesome tete-a-tete, and presented the cold shoulder, by wheeling his luxurious portable divan towards an opposite angle.

'Sir,' said Ella, following and confronting the pharisee, an embodied argument. 'Wasn't your brother's watch, my father's watch; my mother's husband's watch!—And as to that cabinet, it shall be my coffin before I will part with it.'

'Tut, tut, young woman, don't be too demonstrative, its in bad taste, especially for one in your situation; here is where the shoe pinches; you cannot conform to circumstances, but expect to have everything just so flush; why didn't you turn your time to more account; other folks, as good as either of you, work for their living and lay up money besides—there's always enough to do, my wife wants to get a new ingal now.'

A gay salute introduced one of the beau-monde, who, for the world, our hero would not have witness the apocryphal relationship between poverty and affluence, consequently he abruptly terminated the interview by pompously requesting a knight of the quill to show this young woman out at that door, pointing significantly towards a side entrance.

The clerk obeyed reluctantly, but instead of complying literally, he allowed the 'young woman' to effect her own exit, meantime puffing a cigar in her face and winking to a chom, in order to direct his attention towards her.

Poor, poor Ella! Have such as thou a guardian angel, a guardian God? 'A pensioner of yours?' inquired the newly arrived dandy-prat. 'This, certainly is the Charity emporium of our city! I came, sir, on a similar embassy, that is to say, I came hoping to woo a trifling benefaction from the depths of your pocket-mind.'

'Proceed, my friend,' responded the Hon. in his blandest tone.
'Well, sir, the case is just this: you are probably aware that extensive preparations are being made, in honor of our recent glorious political triumph; the appropriation stipulated by the city falls short of defraying incidental expenses, precisely the cost of the fireworks, viz: one thousand dollars; your committee, after mature deliberation, resolved to incur that special liability, presuming upon the clemency or rather upon the patriotism of their citizen coadjutors, yourself making No. 1 on the list.
Now, sir, if by individual subscription, or donation, we can ultimately consummate our object and most assuredly it is a noble one, our enterprise will at least win us respect, a name and a fame not to be despised.'

Memor of Rhode-Island.

1780

tion, agreeable to the laws and well known customs of proding. And no freemen shall be permitted to vote for general officers at the general election held in Newport on the first Wednesday in May, but only such as may be members of the General Assembly. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that no person in this colony for the future shall vote and act as a freeman in any case whatsoever, but such only who at the time of voting shall be truly and really possessed of land, or real estate, to be valued, and determined, agreeably to the former laws, of the full value of forty pounds lawful money, or that will rent yearly for forty shillings, lawful money, or the eldest son of such a freeman.

That any person newly admitted free of any town shall be admitted to put in his proxy vote for general officers, in the town meeting at his own town, and such of them as shall be admitted freemen of the colony, by the General Assembly, their proxies shall be received and numbered at the general election, and such shall not be admitted free by the Assembly shall be rejected and thrown out.'

The brick Colony house in Providence was commenced this year. The building lot was purchased from the proceeds of lotteries. It appears to have been built the following summer.

A lottery was granted for paying the lower part of Maine street in Newport. Henry Ward was elected by the Assembly, Secretary, in the place vacated by the death of Thomas Ward, in December. King George the second on the 25th October, without any previous complaints, was suddenly seized with the agonies of death, at his Palace in Kensington. He died in the 77th year of his age. The Assembly, in February following, passed the following Resolution.

'It is voted and resolved that his Honor, the Governor, be and is hereby requested to procure his majesty's proclamation for establishing all the officers in the colony, who were appointed in the reign of the late King George the second, of blessed, glorious memory, and also the order of his majesty in council, altering the form of prayer, in the liturgy, for the royal Family, to be printed in the Newport Mercury.'

The funeral ceremonies for King George the 2d &c., took place in Newport on the 19th of January 1761, an account of which we here copy from the Newport Mercury printed at the time.

'Yesterday, by Order of Authority, His Most Sacred Majesty GEORGE the Third, was proclaimed King of Great Britain, &c. amidst the joyful Acclamation of several thousands of his most loyal and faithful subjects of the colony of Rhode Island.'

'To express a just and becoming concern at the death of the best of Kings, His late illustrious Majesty GEORGE the Second, of blessed glorious memory, at nine in the morning the four companies of Militia, and the Troop of Horse, belonging to the town of Newport, met at the Court House, from whence they marched in military mourning, to the house of Dr. Edward Ellis, at the lower end of Thames-street, where were assembled the magistrate and principal gentlemen of the town. Half after ten, minute guns begun and continued firing from Fort George and between eleven and twelve, the procession began in the following order: First four youngest Sergeants marched with their halberds covered with black and reversed, then the private men, four abreast, with their arms reversed, four drummers with their drums covered with black, four ensigns with their colors wrapped in black, four lieutenants, then four captains, all with their pikes covered with black and reversed; after them the field officers, and the high sheriff of the colony, as herald-at-arms; next to him marched (between two files of the troop of horse) His Honor, the Deputy Governor and the other civil officers, and a considerable number of merchants and gentlemen, many of them in close mourning, who closed the procession; and then by the time they arrived at the Court House, the minute guns, in number seventy-seven, ceased firing; immediately upon which, the high Sheriff pronounced with an audible voice, from the Court House the following Proclamation, viz:

'Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy, our late Sovereign Lord King GEORGE the II., of blessed and glorious memory; by whose decease the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, France and Ireland, also the Supreme dominion and Sovereign right of the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in New England, and all other his late Majesty's Dominion in America, are solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince George Prince of Wales. We, therefore, the Governor and Company associated with numbers of the principal inhabitants of this Colony and Plantation, do now hereby with one full voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the High and Mighty Prince George, Prince of Wales is now by the death of our late Sovereign, of happy and glorious memory, become our

Sabbath Reading.

(Continued.)

Nobleman's Visit to a Prison.—The wind having been remarkably boisterous during the night, the street in the morning was covered with pieces of brick, tiles, &c. I observed to my family at breakfast, that we should be impressed with the goodness of God in preserving us from the power of the elements. He could have given the wind greater force so that every building might have been prostrated in the city of London. We ought then to praise Him for we were the living monuments of His tender mercy.

My first visit was to a prison, some distance from home. I went in first, on the debtors' side. Many strong doors, locks and bolts were opened before I reached the prisoners. These men were all confined for debts which they were unable to pay. I took one man aside and asked him how much he owed his creditors. Three hundred pounds, he said and I have offered them all I possess in the world, yet they will not consent to my liberation. And every day I continue here my debt is increasing, by the accumulation of the prison dues.

I said this reminds me of the debt we owe to God. What debt can we owe to God? said he. Every sin we commit, I replied, dishonours our Creator and Bountiful Benefactor. We therefore owe him reparation or satisfaction. This we cannot give. If we should sin no more, the old debt would still remain against us and our being sorry will not procure its discharge. If we die in debt to God we must be cast into the prison of hell. Here I inquired if he had any hope of ever being delivered from his imprisonment? Yes, said he, but I fear that the time is very distant. However distant, my friend, I replied, your case differs widely from God's prisoners, for from that prison there is no redemption. And you say, said one of the prisoners, that no man can ever pay this debt to God, either by repentance or by suffering? Yes, my friend, but I am the bearer of good news to you to-day. The son of God came from Heaven to pay the sinner's debt. He took it upon himself and having died for our guilt, He has procured the discharge of all those who now believe in Him. After the resurrection and ascension of Jesus to Heaven, messengers were sent into all the world to proclaim forgiveness of sins to all who should believe in Him. Then I urged him to trust in Christ for the pardon of all his sins. If you would repent and accept of Jesus as your great deliverer, said I, oh, how joyfully would you tell your fellow prisoners that your sins were pardoned and urge them to flee to Christ while it might be an accepted time and a day of salvation. Just at that moment there came into prison, a deputation from a society for relieving small debtors. They were soon surrounded with applicants, each soliciting that his debts might be paid. One had a large family dependant on him, another had been a long time in prison, a third had sickness in his family—all these were pleading together for deliverance, declaring that they would never get into debt again. On beholding this scene I was deeply affected. Oh, thought I, that men were as conscious of the debts they owe to God and as anxious to have them cancelled! Oh, that sinners would realize that the Son of God is waiting to pay all their debts great as well as small, and that whosoever will thus earnestly apply to Him for deliverance will never be rejected.

I was pleased to observe the joy and gratitude expressed by some whom the gentlemen had relieved. They seemed as if they had suddenly been transported into a new world. They extolled the friendship and kindness of the deputation.

(To be continued.)

The professed object of this attack upon African coast, is the chastisement of barbarian pirates; but Spain is supposed to be in and furnished with means (not being able herself to defend even her own colonies) for that purpose, by the ambitious court of France. And England feels uneasy at the prospect of losing a communication with the African continent, which she considers an indispensable appendage to the fortress of Gibraltar. The real intention of the move is still veiled in mystery, like other acts of the Emperor. But *Paris Monitor* has lifted the veil some from his Italian programme. The Emperor is supposed to have written the article for his gun. The insufferable prejudices in his view: The antagonism of the temporal power of the papacy, with the best interests of society; the discounts at Terni and Milan; wars ready to burst forth in civil war; the Italian bagmen in other parts of Italy interfering between the princes and the people. These grievances, however, were but partially redressed by the tactics and diplomacy of the grandest author of the programme. But he confidently left the rest to be accomplished by Italians, as authors of their own destiny.

CAPT. S. W. MACY, Administrator on estate of R. P. Gardner, has sold one-third of the bark J. A. Hazard, now loading for St. America, to Mr. George A. Richmond for \$25,000.

PROF. LOWE, the gentleman who intended to Europe in the monster balloon. New announcements his intention of starting to weather permitting.

TWENTY-FIVE States and Territories have learned Thursday next as a day for Thanksgiving and Praise to the Almighty for his unnumbered mercies and certain and protection.

THE Trustees of the Ohio Life and Trust Company are paying a dividend of ten per cent to creditors, interest being made up to August 24, 1857, the date of failure.

THE examination of JOHN HALLAM, now in our columns some time since as being arrested on the charge of murdering BURLINA NOLD of Centerville was to have been commenced at East Greenwich yesterday.

It is estimated that the British nation spent

RAYARD TAYLOR spent seven weeks in Germany, and delivered about two dozen lectures with a clear profit, estimated by some of his acquaintances there, at about \$5,000.

THE Chicago Prairie Farmer speaks of the increase in the culture of Sorghum at the W

It is said that a lady, in putting on her
sets, is like a man who drinks to drown
grief, because, in so-facing herself, she is get-
ting tight.

THE fifth volume of the Rhode Island Col-
lial Records, edited by Hon. John R. Bartlett

gale on the English coast, lost overboard the 6th October, by a heavy sea, the first third mates, five seamen and two boats.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.

DR. HOWE.—It is stated that Dr. S. G. H. has left for Canada. His friends decline connection on his part with the late plot in

[illegible]

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LIVE VEGETABLE OINTMENT

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